

DOCTOR·WHO

UNDER THE VOLCANO

Script SI SPENCER Artwork JOHN ROSS
Colouring ADRIAN SALMON

INDONESIA,
1893

GREAT!
I GET TEN MINUTES OF
TOPPING UP MY TAN AND
THE NEXT THING WE'RE
KIDNAPPED BY THE LOCAL
HEAD-HUNTERS.

STOP
OVERREACTING...
THEY'RE NOT HEAD-
HUNTERS, THEY'RE
VERY PEACEFUL
PEOPLE...

...THEY JUST
DON'T LIKE
OUTSIDERS
VERY MUCH.



SO REMIND
ME - WHY
DID WE COME
HERE AGAIN?

I TOLD YOU -
I WANTED YOU TO
SHOW YOU SOME
FIREWORKS.



STATE YOUR
BUSINESS ON OUR
ISLAND. HAVE YOU
COME TO STEAL OUR
LANDS OR DEFILE
OUR MOUNTAIN GOD
LIKE THE MEN OF
FLAME?

THESE MEN
OF FLAME.
WHAT DO THEY
LOOK LIKE?

ORANGE
LIKE THE SUN -
MORNING LIKE
THE OX.

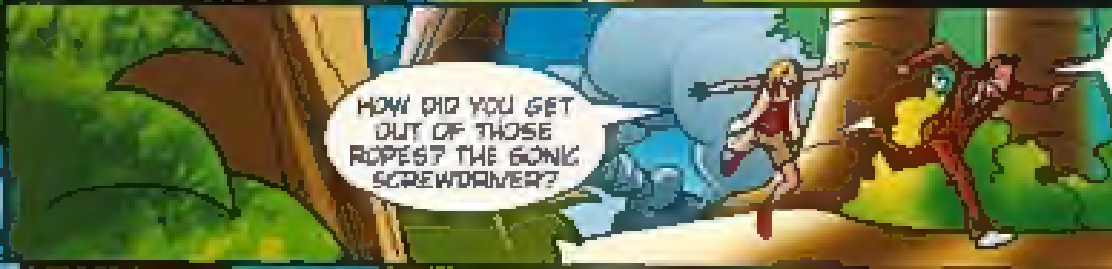


I'LL KEEP
AN EYE OUT
FOR THEM.

PHUTZZZ!




COME ON, WE'D
BETTER MAKE
A MOVE BEFORE
THAT SMOKE BOMB
BLOWS AWAY.



HOW DID YOU GET OUT OF THOSE ROSES? THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER?

I UNTIED THE KNOTS. SOMETHING A BLOKE CALLED BADEN POWELL'S GOING TO TEACH ME IN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS.

CAME IN VERY HANDY.



AND WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT THE MEN OF FLAME? IT SOUNDED LIKE YOU KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT.

NOT KNOW EXACTLY. IT'S MORE OF A GUT FEELING... OR A HUNCH...


...AN INKLING MAYBE, YEAH, THAT'S WHAT THIS IS - AN INKLING.

COME ON - WE NEED TO FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING UNDERGROUND.



ER... DOCTOR?

BEHIND THE WATERFALL?



SO WHO ARE THESE MEN OF FLAME?

THEY'RE CALLED THE CHALDERANGS. SILICONE-BASED, INCREDIBLY HIGH BODY TEMPERATURE...

BRIGHT ORANGE? HORNS? SORT OF RIDGEY THINGS ON THEIR BACKS?



GLAD YOU WERE PAYING ATTENTION.



HELLO, FANGY SEEING YOU HERE.

YOU ARE TRESPASSING EARTHLET. NOW YOU WILL WATCH AS YOUR PLANET DIES!

SOMETIMES I WISH THE TARDIS DIDN'T HAVE THAT TRANSLATION GIZMO.

LATER...

DIRECT THE SECOND UNIT OF ROB'S TWENTY CLICKS SOUTH.

SOUTH? SURELY NORTH EAST?

SO WHO ARE THESE FREAKS? AND WHAT DO THEY WANT?

THEY'RE MINERS. BASICALLY THEY DIG INTO PLANETS, STEAL ALL THE LAVA FROM THEIR CORES AND MOVE ON...

...LEAVING THE PLANET TOTALLY DEAD.

TROUBLE IS, THEY'RE IDIOTS! HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE WHAT THEY'RE DOING! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THEY MESS IT UP!

DOCTOR! ARE YOU SURE MINING THEM ISN'T A GOOD IDEA?

JUST IGNORE HIM!
IT'S WEST YOU IDIOTS! YOU'VE GOT TWO HUNDRED DIGGERS ALL GOING IN TOTALLY THE WRONG DIRECTION!

YOU LOT COULDN'T EVEN STEAL A BONE FROM A PUPPY LET ALONE DESTROY A PLANET!

HE'S RIGHT, YOU'VE BEEN STEERING THEM TOTALLY THE WRONG WAY.
ME? YOU WERE GIVING THE ORDERS. I SAID WEST!
YOU NEVER!

BADEN POWELL TEACH YOU THAT AS WELL?
NO... I USED THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER. HAD IT SET ON AUTO.
I THINK IT'S THAT WE LEFT.

TWENTY CLICKS WEST!
THAT'S WHAT I SAID!



PROCEED...
CORE... TWENTY
CLICK... WEST
ALL PODS

POD SEVENTEEN
RESPONDING



DOESN'T
SOUND
RIGHT TO
ME!

ORDERS
IS ORDERS.
THEY KNOW
WHAT
THEY'RE
DOING.



THEY'RE
GAINING
ON US!

ONLY
ANOTHER
HUNDRED
METRES!



AAARGH!



ARE
THEY
READY?

ONLY
THREE
THINGS
KILL
THEM. COLD
WATER AND
EXTREME
HEAT..

WHAT'S
THE
THIRD?

STUPIDITY.



WHAT'S
HAPPENING,
DOCTOR?

NO TIME
TO EXPLAIN.
BACK TO THE
TARDIS.

IT'S NEARLY
TIME FOR THE
FIREWORKS.

KKRAK!

EEEEEEEOOOOOWWWW!

PREPARE FOR A
LOUD BANG! TURN
TO PAGE 32 NOW!

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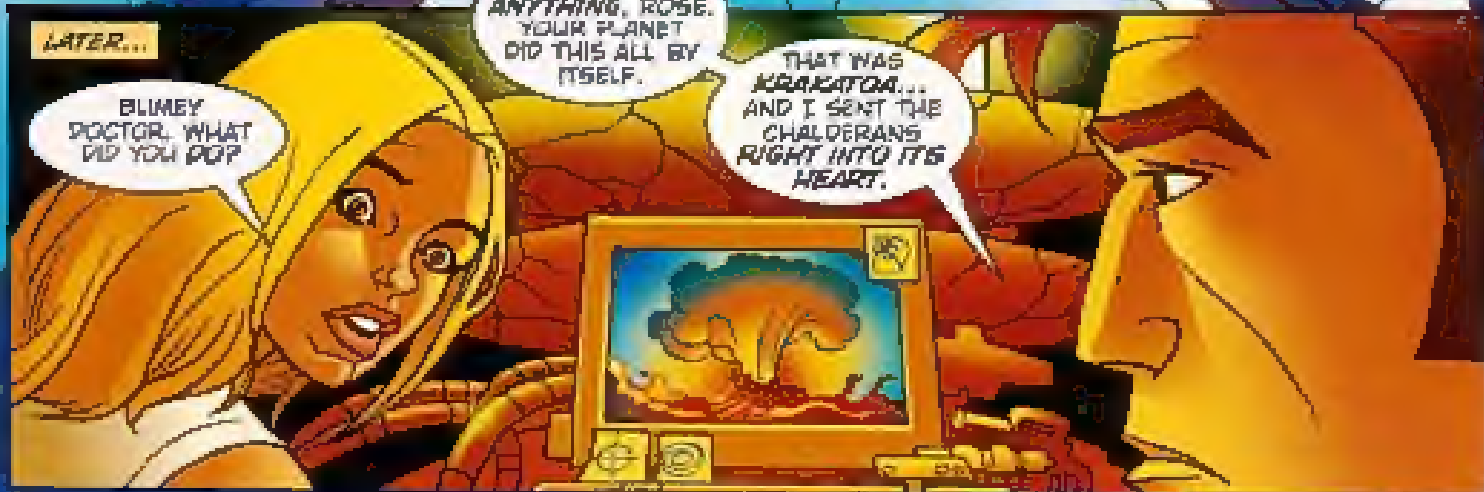


LATER...

BLIMEY
DOCTOR, WHAT
DID YOU DO?

I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING, ROSE.
YOUR PLANET
DID THIS ALL BY
ITSELF.

THAT WAS
KRAXATOR...
AND I SENT THE
CHALDERANS
RIGHT INTO ITS
HEART.





YOU'VE HEARD OF HIROSHIMA? IMAGINE THIRTEEN THOUSAND OF THEM GOING OFF AT ONCE.

I SAID THERE'D BE FIREWORKS, DIDN'T I?



THE WHOLE ISLAND...?

TWO THIRDS OF IT, DESTROYED. THAT WAS THE LOUDEST BANG IN HUMAN HISTORY! TOLD YOU THERE'D BE FIREWORKS!



AND THAT LOT WOULD'VE BLOWN UP THE ENTIRE PLANET... GOOD JOB WE WERE THERE.



THAT WAS NOTHING - NOW ABOUT WE GO SEE THE MATING DANCE OF THE FIRE DRAGONS OF KET-EL?

OR THERE'S A LOVELY TWIN SUPERNOVA OUT NEAR PENEED THREE?

LET'S JUST BREAK OUT A COUPLE OF SPARKERS, EH?

NEXT ISSUE: THE DOCTOR LOSES THE TARDIS!